

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 52 to 54 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 52 Park Row.
J. ANSON SMITH, Treasurer, 52 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 52 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for England and the Continent and
World for the United States All Countries in the International
and Canada. Postal Union.
One Year.....\$3.50 One Year.....\$3.75
One Month......30 One Month......35
VOLUME 56.....NO. 19,814

NOT FATE.

TO THE strain put upon the Public Service Commission of this district by its discredited but defiant Chairman is added the weight of Commissioner Williams's extraordinary alliance with the Kings County Lighting Company to keep residents of South Brooklyn from enjoying the benefits of an 80-cent gas rate.

How much of this sort of thing can the Public Service Commission stand before the people of the State lose faith in the law that established the Commission and are ready to see it thrown on the junk heap of abandoned hopes?

Here is an admirably conceived power created to protect the public from injustice at the hands of corporations. Every aid the State can furnish in the shape of money and efficient machinery goes with this power. All it needs to work it is able, honest men who will faithfully serve the public that trusts them.

New York has not lost all such. It can still find men fit to be Public Service Commissioners who will stay fit after they have entered upon their duties. Mr. McCall and his kind are not born to be Public Service Commissioners, nor is there any reason why the type should be perpetuated in the office.

There is no popular delusion on this point. Nor can any Governor create one.

PROOF OF PROSPERITY.

THERE is good ground for hope that the city's problem of the unemployed may come down this winter to a plain job of handling those who won't work.

Charity organizations report a progressive falling off in the number of applicants for aid. The average number applying daily at the Municipal Lodging House during October, according to W. A. Whiting, who is in charge there, was about 400 as against 750 for the same month of 1914. A list of ten churches in the poorer sections of Manhattan and Brooklyn report that appeals for help are from 15 to 50 per cent. less than at this time last year. The Bowery missions and the Salvation Army say they too are caring for fewer people.

It is not hard to see what has happened. Doubts and fears that seized upon this country last fall, after the outbreak of the war in Europe, have been dispelled. Trade and industry have been pushing ahead until now the calamity howlers find hardly anybody with time to listen to them. The minute the average man becomes optimistic about his own job he begins to have jobs for somebody else. The new spirit vibrates down the line until sooner or later it is felt in the employment bureaus and aid societies.

The war was to do terrible things to us. It hasn't done them. On the contrary the country is glowing with industrial health and energy. Prosperity becomes too insistent to be denied.

OBEYING THE LAW.

THE city can congratulate itself that its places of amusement have never been better protected against fire, according to a report made to the Mayor by Commissioner of Licenses Bell.

The Department of Licenses looks after approximately 1,700 places of public gathering, including 200 theatres, 750 motion picture theatres and 750 dance halls. "There is no violation placed by the Fire Department or the Buildings Department pending against any one of these places," declares Commissioner Bell. "So far as the power vested in the Commissioner of Licenses can make them safe every theatre, motion picture theatre and dance hall in the city is safe."

Fire immunity is never absolute. Experience constantly proves that safeguards are only safeguards. In this city, where nothing conforms, where fireproof structures adjoin firetraps, no building is entirely independent of what may happen to its neighbors.

Nevertheless it is satisfactory to know that places where people gather in large numbers in the city are observing requirements of public health and precautions against fire.

The system of factory inspection is now under criticism. The Diamond tragedy exposed weak spots in the State's fire prevention methods. The more reason for the city to redouble its watchfulness over theatres and all other places that lie within the jurisdiction of its departments.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

When they have moved into their new home the first thing the young wife discovers is that she could use at least ten more closets.

A woman buys a dress at the store where she has credit, but if it is made by a high-priced modiste then it is known as a gown or as a creation.—Macon News.

What a lot of time restaurant proprietors could save if they put stars or other marks on the menu cards opposite all the dishes they cannot furnish.—Albany Journal.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, including the folks who waddle leisurely across a crowded street as if there were no such thing as a buzz-bug in existence.

The chronic knocker uses a hammer, but he generally has an axe to grind.—Columbia State.

"Experience" is the business of devoting one's time to learning how to do a thing well until it is time to retire in favor of a younger man.—Nashville Banner.

Letters From the People

Is She Extravagant?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will wise readers tell me whether I am extravagant or not? My husband gives me \$50 a month and out of that I pay \$25 a month rent, the coal, gas, piano, insurance, etc. He

acquires me about it and says I should have more than I do. Here is my account: \$25 rent, \$10 piano, \$5 insurance, \$7 coal every month, \$4 gas (cooking and light), \$5 to building loan. Total \$56.00. On the balance I must keep the table and buy clothes. MRS. C.

Men Who Fail

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



"I'm not going to work while father has a good job."

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

WHAT do you think of the campaign of the Republican Party is approaching the campaign with a small army of candidates, each of whom is grimly determined that none of the other fellows shall win the nomination. They may all unite on a dark horse, and the only dark horse in sight is Hughes.

"Anyhow, it is quite time the people of the nation should have a chance to vote on the whistler question. We haven't had a full set of whistlers running for the Presidency on either of the big tickets since Harrison's time."

An Inside Job.

"SER," said the head polisher, "that Warden Osborne says no one is more anxious to have Sing Sing Prison investigated than he is."

"Quite right," replied the laundry man, "but he wants to do the investigating himself."

Behind the Counter.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THIS is a plea for the girl behind the counter. And there are many thousands of them.

She is probably heaving a sigh as she notices that Thanksgiving is to be here next week, and then that there are but four weeks until Christmas. Last year thousands of people who put off the Christmas buying until the last-minute rush made a solemn resolve to do it early next time. It is "next time" now.

I know of a young woman, the sole support of her family, who is just getting over a long illness that resulted from the Christmas rush. In a weakened condition she stood for hours, trying to please the purchaser of Christmas presents—the eleventh hour buyer. As usual, she is the one who has time.

In the words of a woman head of a department, "It is the leisure folks that give us the most trouble. They seem to have many social duties around the holiday time, and they keep putting off their buying. Further, they take little time, and expect much when they do come to it. They are very exacting and are impatient if they have to wait for attention."

"With the busy people it is different. They are accustomed to taking time by the forelock, and are consequently thoughtful of others. It is usually the people who have nothing to do except think of their own comforts who cause the most concern. Times without number I have seen a duffy little blond society lady come

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. JARR at the breakfast table sat gazing gravely at her coffee so fixedly that Mr. Jarr marked her mental concentration.

"Waiting for the 'money' to gather at the centre of the cup?" he asked.

"That's the only place I'd see any money, I suppose," said Mrs. Jarr, dolefully. "And with everything so dear and Christmas is coming, it's no wonder that I feel something is going to happen."

Mr. Jarr affected to be unconvinced by these dismal forebodings and lightly remarked that his good lady should not trouble trouble till trouble troubled her.

"That's all very well for you to say. You don't have to worry about everything as I do," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Then when I say a word, because I am the only one that worries in this house, you sneer at me."

"Why, you are mistaken, my dear," said the most amiable of husbands.

"I am not feeling well. If I was I would not complain," said Mrs. Jarr. "As for the children, they look well, but who can tell what minute they may be ill? There's scarlet fever in the next block, I heard, and our Willie tells me the Rangle children were not at school yesterday. Suppose they had the scarlet fever?"

"I think you're wrong there," said Mr. Jarr cheerfully. "I came home with Rangle last night and he told me his wife had taken the children downtown that day with her to buy clothes for them."

"Some people are very fortunate," whispered Mrs. Jarr. "Our children need new clothes and I need new clothes. Oh, dear!"

Mr. Jarr passed his cup for more coffee and hummed a tune in an effort to shed an aura of cheerfulness. "Please don't do that!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "It always is a sign of trouble to hum at the table."

Mr. Jarr stopped humming, and just then the doorbell rang. Gertrude, leaving her morning battle that was concomitant of dressing the children, went to the door and admitted a visitor in the shape of trouble coming early in the day—Mrs. Jarr's mother.

The old warrior bore with her a grim expression, an umbrella and a grimace, and with paper. (Of course the jar had leaked.)

"I couldn't get here yesterday," said the old lady. "I was shopping and it took so long to get my trading stamps. You never saw such a crowd of unmanly women as was at the stamp counter pushing and shoving. I had almost to knock some of them down." Then she turned to Mr. Jarr. "Humph!" she said. "It's no

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

She Discusses the "Divine Mystery" of Love.

"THERE'S a mystery," remarked the Bachelor, glancing thoughtfully across the rose lit tables at a runty little man and a tall woman in a bottle green hat, who sat gazing soulfully into one another's eyes, while their wine glasses stood untouched. "How on earth did two such people manage to fall in love—with each other?"

"All love," quoth the Widow, toying daintily with her creme yvette, "is a mystery—a 'divine mystery'—Mr. Weatherby!"

"Or a joke," amended the Bachelor cynically as he emptied his liqueur glass with unsentimental relish.

"It's no joke to them!" declared the Widow, indicating the interestingly uninteresting couple. "Those two people are as much in love as—as—"

"As we are?" suggested the Bachelor hopefully.

"As Antony and Cleopatra, as Helen and Paris, as ANYBODY!" corrected the Widow. "There are so many varieties, brands, qualities and degrees of love, you know."

"Yes, I know," acquiesced the Bachelor. "I've been through the 'third degree' myself."

"But you've never been through that!" declared the Widow, as the runty little man surreptitiously clasped the tall girl's hand beneath the table.

The Only Kind Worth Having.

"POOH! I've done that lots of times!" protested the Bachelor. "I mean, you've never experienced that kind of love," explained the Widow coldly. "And it's the only kind worth having! Have you ever been in love with a homely woman, Mr. Weatherby?"

"Great Scott, no!" protested the Bachelor. "I'm a man of artistic tastes, and—"

"Then you don't understand the 'divine mystery,'" announced the Widow. "Have you ever observed that when a fascinating woman waltzes over the impossible little man, or a handsome, brilliant man marries a little gray grub of a woman, or two utterly unprepossessing people marry one another, they are always perfectly happy? And have you ever noticed that when two heart winners or two geniuses marry, they are always perfectly miserable?"

"What is it?" inquired the Bachelor. "Hypnotism or black art or the fascination of the grotesque?"

"I don't know," sighed the Widow, shaking her head evasively. "I understand most kinds of love; the kind that is called 'love at first sight,' for instance, and is inspired by a dimple, or a pair of perfect shoulders or a Grecian nose or a flashing smile."

"And makes you long to catch a girl in your arms, before you have been introduced to her ten minutes," interpolated the Bachelor.

"Yes, or want to be kissed by a man before you even know his first name," added the Widow. "That's elemental love! And I understand the kind that comes from a perfect communion of two minds; the kind that makes you dream dreams together and build air castles together and forget that other people are around, when you are gazing into one another's eyes."

"What's that?" inquired the Bachelor cynically. "Sentimental—or just plain mental?"

"Both, Mr. Weatherby," returned the Widow dreamily. "It's spiritual love!"

"Otherwise, 'real love'?" queried the Bachelor.

But the Widow only shook her head.

"No more real than the others!" she sighed. "It's more unreal. It's just a fairy spell—and the moment you are married the spell is quite as likely to vanish as not. Did you ever see two 'soul mates' who couldn't quarrel over everything from the weather to the coffee? But the 'divine mystery'—"

Putting the "Mental" in "Sentimental."

"A H, yes! What is that?" "It's what makes you fall in love with somebody for no particular reason on earth," explained the Widow, gazing over the rose colored light with softly shining eyes. "He, or she, may not have a visible personal attraction, nor a single thought or idea in common with yours, nor a spark of brilliancy nor originality nor wit nor savoir faire, and yet—you can no more HELP loving him—or her—than you can help breathing or eating or being hungry or sleepy! That's the 'divine mystery'—the electric attraction, the intangible, unnamable something, that makes two chemicals or two batteries or two people respond to one another. And, when that enters the equation, all the rest—beauty, brilliancy, character, suitability—everything else on earth simply doesn't count!"

"Amen!" said the Bachelor fervently. "But—I wonder which kind I've got. You see, I wanted to take you in my arms the first time I saw you!"

"Mr. Weatherby!"

"And when I'm looking into your eyes I forget everybody else, and I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing or being thirsty!"

"Heaven!" exclaimed the Widow. "You must have—complications! Your love is a 'mixture'—like tobacco."

"Like—tobacco?" repeated the Widow sadly. "And just as apt to go up in smoke!"

"Huh!" grunted the Bachelor reproachfully. "I offer her the whole love feast and she gives me—a stone. That's the woman of it!"

True Love Stories

The Evening World will pay \$5 apiece for all true love stories accepted. The stories must be 250 words or less in length and truthful in every detail. Address "Love Story Editor, Evening World, New York City."

"Book-Rivals."

WAS sixteen. He was twenty-six, a young physician just home from college, handsome and brilliant, and he fell in love with me. I worshipped him—it seemed such a wonderful thing that he should have stooped to me; he so fine (he had unusual gifts) and I so young and ignorant.

We married. As I look back now I don't think he realized how young I was. He used to read to me the books of Stevenson, Browning, etc., wanting to enlighten them with his own understanding, and finally he stopped. I was a good cook, and I tried to make up to him in this by tending to his comfort. How pitifully I tried! And how bitterly I hated those companions of his, his books.

His practice grew and I was more and more alone. Driven by me, I discovered that for months he had been using morphine. I left him, secured a divorce and with my baby moved to another city.

Two years later I stood beside his coffin, gazing at a face so changed I could scarcely recognize it, and wretchedly I prayed God to forgive me. If only I had my life to live over. ALTA LOVELL, No. 326 West Forty-fifth Street.

A White House Proposal.

WHEN I was living in Washington, D. C., I invited a dear friend to visit me at the time of a White House wedding.

This friend had been engaged to a fine young man, but a foolish quarrel (for which she was more to blame than he) separated them. She remained in her Western home town while he became a reporter on one of the big Eastern newspapers.

Chancing to see a news item referring to the girl's visit to me, the reporter managed to secure an assignment to go to Washington at the same time.

It was while she and I were walking through the White House that my friend said: "How nice it must seem to be a White House bride!"

A man stopped up to us as she spoke. The glad light in his eyes was for my friend alone, and I heard him say to her: "Even if you cannot be a White House bride, will you accept a White House proposal?"

Divining the real situation I quickly left the room. I was bridesmaid at their wedding and am a frequent visitor at their cozy home. M. W. E. New Brunswick, N. J.

Talks With My Parents

By a Child

HOPE those who read my book will not lose sight of the fact that I become a grown up person for one hour daily. During this hour I write my book.

My subject to-day is "IMPULSE." I have seen more trouble in our happy home over an impulse than over any other thing.

Mother is forever doing things im-

pulsively and forever being sorry for it. She throws her shoes across the room and then calmly walks over and picks them up.

When I start the same kind of thing there is a terrible time. I wish some people could see themselves as others see them.

I am going to study and find out what that word "impulse" means. I bet temper has a lot to do with it!

The dear old lady took up the gauntlet. "I may be shabby," she explained, "but I'm respectable and I'm honest, and that's more than I can say of some other people!"

Although he had renounced the flinging habit, Mr. Jarr took his hat and flung.

Mrs. Jarr had presaged correctly when she had remarked that she had felt trouble coming, in her bones. It was here in the flesh.